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their theology. The Abipones think the Pleiades to be the representation of their grandfather; and as that constellation disappears at certain periods from the sky of South America, upon such occasions, they suppose that their grandfather is sick, and are under a yearly apprehension that he is going to die: but as soon as those seven stars are again visible in the month of May, they welcome their grandfather, as if returned and restored from sickness, with joyful shouts, and the festive sound of pipes and trumpets, congratulating him on the recovery of his health. *Quemen naachic latenc! laydm nauichi end? Ta yegdm! Layamini!* What thanks do we owe thee! and art thou returned at last? Ah! thou hast happily recovered!— With such exclamations, expressive of their joy and their folly, do they fill the air. Next day they all go out to seek honey to make mead, and, as soon as that is prepared, they assemble in one place, at the setting of the sun, to make public demonstration of gladness. They pass the night, the married Abipones sitting on the ground on skins, the by-standing women singing with a loud voice, and the crowd of single persons laughing and applauding, by the light of torches, which shine here and there about the market-place. Some female juggler, who conducts the festive ceremonies, dances at

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intervals, rattling a gourd full of hardish fruit-seeds to musical time, and, whirling round to the right with one foot, and to the left with another, without ever removing from one spot, or in the least varying her motions. This foolish crazy dance is interrupted every now and then by the horrid clangor of military trumpets, in which the spectators join, making a loud noise by striking their lips with their hands. Yet in the midst of all this you can never perceive the smallest deviation from strict decorum. The men are decently separated from the women; the boys from the girls. The female dancer, the priestess of these ridiculous ceremonies, as a mark of particular favour, rubs the thighs of some of the men with her gourds, and, in the name of their grandfather, promises them swiftness in pursuing enemies and wild beasts. At the same time the new male and female jugglers, who are thought equal to the office, are initiated with many ceremonies. Of this most mischievous description of men I am now going to treat more fully.

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of apron made of the longer ostrich feathers. That woman has every day the most business to perform; for in company with the other girls, she visits all the huts, and with a hide, twisted in the form of Hercules's club, whips, puts to flight, and pursues all the men that she finds in every house, and those that are met by the way are soundly beaten by the girls, with the palm boughs. The first day is passed in this running up and down, amidst the laughter of the flagellated men. Next day the girls, who are distributed into bands, wrestle with one another, and the boys do the same in a separate place. On the third day they are called out to dance, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other. They all join hands till a circle is formed, an old woman, the directress of the dance going round striking a gourd: and when after a whirling for some time, they grow giddy, they rest at intervals, and then renew their dancing, which contains nothing worthy of admiration, but the patience displayed on the part both of the spectators and of the performers, and is perfectly devoid of art. On the fourth day, the woman with the apron of ostrich feathers traverses the town, surrounded by girls, challenging the stoutest and strongest woman she finds in every house, to contend with her in the street; and now throwing her adversary, now

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DOING HERSELF THROWN, AFFORDS AN AMUSING SPECTACLE TO THE ASSEMBLED PEOPLE.

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and bare shoulders, striking a gourd, the mournful sound of which they accompany with violent motion of the feet and arms, and loud vociferations. She who excels the rest in age, or fame for medical skill, stands nearest to the dying man's head, and strikes an immense military drum, which returns a horrible bellowing. Another, who is appointed to watch the sick man, removes every now and then the bull's hide with which he is covered, examines his face, and if he seems yet to breathe, sprinkles him plentifully with cold water, a jug of which is placed under the bed. When I first witnessed these things, I pitied the fate of the sick man, who, I feared, would be killed, if not by the disease, at any rate by the howling of the women and the noise of the drum, or else smothered by the weight of the hide, with which the whole body is covered, and which is as hard and as heavy as a board. Under the pretext of compassion, they use all this cruelty to the departing soul, that the women may be spared the sight of his last agonies, and the hearing of his groans.

If the respiration of the dying man be not heard at a distance like a pair of bellows in Vulcan's workshop, and if his breath stop even for a moment, they proclaim with a Stentorian voice, that he has given up the ghost. A great crowd assembles on all sides, exclaiming, he is dead,

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462 765 the names of the relations of the deceased to be changed, the funeral drinking-party to be attended, and the houses to be demolished; in short, they had to go through the trouble of a public mourning of nine days' continuance. This is of two kinds. One which is held by day in the streets by all but the unmarried women, and another carried on at night in houses appointed for the purpose, and which none but those that are specially invited attend. At stated hours, both in the forenoon and afternoon, all the women in the town assemble in the market-place, with their hair scattered about their shoulders, their breast and back naked, and a skin hanging from their loins. The expression of their faces inspires I can hardly tell whether most of melancholy or terror. Picture to yourself a set of Bacchanals or infernal furies, and you will have a good idea of them. They do not lament in one place by day. They go up and down the whole market-place, like supplicants, walking separately but all in one very long row. You may sometimes [481] count as many as two hundred. They go leaping like frogs. The motion of their feet is accompanied by a continual tossing about of their arms. Each strikes a gourd containing various [534] seeds to the measure of her voice; but some, instead of a gourd, beat a pan covered with

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does' skins, which makes the most ridiculous noise you can conceive. To every three or four gourds one of these drums answers. But what offends the ear most is the shouting of the mourners. They modulate their voices, like singers, and make trills and quavers mingled with groans. After chaunting some mournful staves in this manner they all cease at intervals, and, changing their voices from the highest to the lowest key, suddenly utter a very shrill hissing. You would swear that a knife had been laid to their throats. By this sudden howl they signify that they are seized with rage, uttering all sorts of imprecations on the author of the death, whoever he be. Sometimes, intermitting this chaunt, they recite a few verses in a declamatory tone, in which they extol the good qualities and deeds of the deceased, and in a querulous voice endeavour to excite the compassion and vengeance of the survivors. At other times they mingle tears with their wailings, tears extorted not by grief, but by habit, or, perhaps, by exhaustion. Most of them carry about some little gift or remembrance of the deceased, as emu feathers, glass-beads, a knife, or a dagger. I will now describe their method of lamenting by night.

About evening, all the women that are invited

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714 spiral lines; others only make two circles round
302 the eyes; and others again blacken the whole
531 of the face. This custom is common to many
[171] other nations of Paraguay, especially the equestrian ones.

534 The Abipones render themselves formidable
726 to the eyes, as well as to the ears of their enemies; for they prelude every battle with trumpets, flutes, horns, and clarions, differing in sound, materials, and form. The horn instruments bellow, the wooden ones clatter, and those of bone, which are made of the leg of some large bird or quadruped, emit a very shrill whistle, while those of reeds have a ridiculous creaking sound. Others again, consisting of the tail of the armadillo, to which a reed is prefixed, fill the whole air, to a great distance, with a horrible roaring. I want words to describe the construction and use of all the different trumpets. This is very certain, that the Abipones have more trumpeters than soldiers in their armies. These terrible-sounding instruments they accompany with a savage howl, made by striking their lips with their hands.
726 When rushing to battle they cry aloud, *Laharàlk! Laharàlk!* Let us go, let us go; as the Guaranies say, *Yahà! Yahà!* and the Mocobios, *Zokolák! Zokolák!* Whilst the Abipones are in battle, they carry their eyes to every side of the

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527 is silent for a short interval. The tones vary
533 according to the subject of the song, with many
727 inflexions of the sound, and, if I may so express myself, a good deal of shaking. He who, by a quicker motion of the throat, can now suspend the song for a while, now protract, and now interrupt it with groans, or laughter, or can imitate the bellowing of a bull, or the tremulous voice of a kid,—he will gain universal applause. No European would deny that these savage singers inspired him with a kind of melancholy and horror, so much are the ears, and even the mind affected by that deadly chaunting, the darkness adding greatly to the mournful effect.
534 One of the singers rattles a gourd filled with maize seeds, to the time of the music. Sometimes the gourd alone preludes the singing, as in a band of musicians; at others, it follows the voice of the singer, and very seldom rests for ever so little a while. When two are singing at a time, it is wonderful to hear so much concord in such discordant voices. You never observe them hesitate or pause: for they do not sing extemporaneously, but what has been long studied beforehand. The songs are restricted by no metrical laws, but sometimes have a rhythmical sound. The number of verses is regulated, not according to the pleasure of the singer, but according to the variety of the